

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

CHAPTER XXII.

A Night of Adventure.

The federal government agreed to say nothing, to put no obstacles in the way of the Russian agent, provided he could abduct his trio without seriously clashing with the New York police authorities. It was a recognized fact that the local police force wanted the newspaper glory which would attend the crushing of the Black Hundred. It would be an exploit. But their glory was nil; nor did Servan take his trio back with him to Russia.

Many strange things happened that night, the night of the final adventure.

Florence sat in her room reading. The book was "Oliver Twist," not the pleasant sort of book to read under the existing circumstances. Several times she had reached the place where Fagin overheard Nancy's confession—she fancied she heard doors closing softly, but credited it to her imagination. Poor Nancy, who wanted to be good but did not find time to be! Florence possessed a habit familiar to most of us; the need of apples or candy when we are reading. So she rang the bell for her maid, intending to ask her to bring up some apples. She turned to her reading, presently to break off and strike the bell again. Where was that maid? She waited perhaps five minutes, then laid down the book and began to investigate.

There was not a servant to be found in the entire house! What in the world could that mean? Used as she was to heartrending suspense, she was none the less terrified. Something had taken the servants from the house. From whence was the danger to come this time? Where was Jones? Why did he not return as he had promised? It was long past the hour when he said he would be back.

She went into the library and picked up the telephone. She was told that Mr. Norton was out on an assignment, but that he would be notified the moment he returned. She opened a drawer in the desk. She touched the automatic, but did not take it up. She left the drawer open, however.

Earlier, at the newspaper office that night, Jim went into the managing editor's office and laid a bulky manuscript on that gentleman's desk.

"Is this it?"

"It is," said Jim.

"You have captured them?"

"No; but there is a net about them from which not one shall escape. There's the story of my adventures, of the adventures of Miss Hargreave and the butler, Jones. You'll find it exciting enough. You might just as well send it up to the composing room. At midnight I'll telephone the introduction. It's a scoop. Don't worry about that."

The editor rifled the pages.

"A hundred and twelve pages. 300 words to the page; man it's a novel!"

"It'll read like one."

"Sit down for a moment and let me skim through the first story."

At the end of ten minutes the editor laid down the copy. He opened a drawer and took out two envelopes. The blue one he tore up and dropped into the waste basket. Norton understood and smiled. They had meant to discharge him if he fell down. The other envelope was a fat one.

"Open it," said the editor, smiling a little to himself.

This envelope contained a check for \$2,500, two round-trip first-class tickets to Liverpool, together with innumerable continental tickets such as are issued to tourists.

"Why two?" asked Jim, innocently.

"Forget it, my boy, forget it. You ought to know that in this office we don't employ blind men. The whole

staff is on. There you are, a fat check and three months' vacation. Go and get married; and if you return before the three months are up I'll fire you myself on general principles."

Jim laughed happily and the two men shook hands. Then Jim went forth to complete the big assignment. Five minutes later Florence called him up to learn that he had gone.

What should she do? Jones had told her to stay in the house and not to leave it. But where was he? Why did he not come? What was the meaning of this desertion by the servants? She wandered about aimlessly, looking out of windows, imagining forms in the shadows. Her imagination had not deceived her; she had heard doors close softly.

"Susan, Susan!" she murmured; but Susan was in the hospital.

"Oliver Twist!" What had possessed her to start reading that old tale again? She should have read something of a light and joyous character. After half an hour's wandering about the lonely house she returned to the library, feeling that she would be safer where both telephone and revolver were.

And while she sat waiting for she knew not what, her swiftly beating heart sending the blood into her throat so that it almost suffocated her, a man turned into the street and walked noiselessly toward the Hargreave place. He passed a man leaning against a lamppost, but he never turned to look at him.

This man, however, threw away his cigar and hot-footed it to the nearest pay station. He knew in his soul that he had just seen the man for whom they had been hunting all these weary but strenuous weeks—Stanley Hargreave in the flesh! Half an hour after his telephone message the chief of the Black Hundred and many lesser lights were on their way to the house of mystery. Had they but known!

Now, the man who had created this tremendous agitation went serenely on. He proceeded directly and fearlessly to the front door, produced a latchkey and entered. He passed through the hall and reception room to the library and paused on the threshold dramatically. Florence stepped back with a sharp cry of alarm. She had heard the hall door open and close and had taken it for granted that Jones had entered.

There was a tableau of short duration.

"Don't you know me?" asked the stranger in a singularly pleasant voice.

Florence had been imposed upon too many times. She shook her head defiantly, though her knees shook so that she was certain that the least touch would send her over.

"I am your father, child!"

Florence slipped unsteadily behind the desk and seized the revolver which lay in the drawer. The man by the curtains smiled sadly. It was a smile that caused Florence to waver a bit. Still she extended her arm.

"You do not believe me?" said the man, advancing slowly.

"No. I have been deceived too many times, sir. Stay where you are. You will wait here till my butler returns. Oh, if I were only sure!" she burst out suddenly and passionately. "What proof have you that you are what you say?"

He came toward her, holding out his hands. "This, that you cannot shoot me. Ah, the damnable wretches! What have they done to you, my child, to make you suspicious of every one? How I have watched over you in the street! I will tell you what only Jones and the reporter know, that the aviator died, that I alone was rescued, that I gave Norton the five thousand; that I watched the windows of the Rus-

stan woman, and overheard nearly every plot that was hatched in the council chamber of the Black Hundred; that I was shot in the arm while crossing the lawn one night. And now we have the scoundrels just where we want them. They will be in this house for me within half an hour, and not one of them will leave it in freedom. I am your father, Florence. I am the lonely father who has spent the best years of his life away from you in order to secure your safety. Can't you feel the truth of all this?"

"No, no! Please do not approach any nearer; stay where you are!"

At that moment the telephone rang. With the revolver still leveled she picked up the receiver.

"Hello, hello! Who is it?"

"Oh, Jim, Jim, come at once! I am holding at bay a man who says he is my father. Hold him where he is, you say? All right, I will. Come quick!"

"Jim!" murmured the man, still advancing. He must have that revolver. The poor child might spoil the whole affair. "So what Jones tells me is true: that you are going to marry this reporter chap?"

She did not answer.

"With or without my consent?"

If only he would drop that fearless smile! she thought. "With or without anybody's consent," she said.

"What in the world can I say to you to convince you?" he cried. "The trap is set; but if Braine and his men come and find us like this, good heaven, child, we are both lost! Come, come!"

"Stay where you are!"

At that moment she heard a sound at the door. Her gaze roved; and it was enough for the man. He reached out and caught her arm. She tried to tear herself loose.

"My child, in God's name, listen to reason! They are entering the hall and they will have us both."

Suddenly Florence knew. She could not have told you why; but there was an appeal in the man's voice that went to her heart.

"You are my father!"

"Yes, yes! But you've found it out just a trifle too late, my dear. Quick; this side of the desk!"

Braine and his men dashed into the library. Olga entered leisurely.

"Both of them?" yelled Braine exultantly. "Both of them together; what luck!"

There was a sharp, fierce struggle; and when it came to an end Hargreave was trussed to a chair.

"Ah, so we meet again, Hargreave!" said Braine.

Hargreave shrugged. What he wanted was time.

"A million! We have you. Where is it, or I'll twist your heart before your eyes."

"Father, forgive me!"

"I understand, my child."

"Where is it?" Braine seized Florence by the wrist and swung her toward him.

"Don't tell him, father; don't mind me," said the girl bravely.

Braine, smiling his old evil smile, drew the girl close. It was the last time he ever touched her.

"Look!" screamed Olga.

Every one turned, to see Jones' face peering between the curtains. There was an ironic smile on the butler's lips. The face vanished.

"After him!" cried Braine, releasing Florence.

"After him!" mimicked a voice from the hall.

The curtains were thrown back suddenly. Jones appeared, and Jim and the Russian agent and a dozen policemen. Tableau!

Braine was the only man who kept his head. He floored Norton, smashed

"And mine have begun," murmured the countess. "But I have still one shot."

The police stood encircling her. Calmly she opened her handbag and took out her handkerchief. It was thick and heavy silk one. Swiftly she unscrewed the top of her walking stick (it will be seen now that the carrying of it was not an affectation!), extracted a vial and threw it violently to the floor. An overpowering sweet odor filled the room. Jones, knowing how deeply versed Braine was in oriental poisons and narcotics, made a desperate but futile effort to tear down a curtain to throw over the liquid; but even in the effort he felt his senses going. The last he was conscious of was a mocking laugh.

But the entrance of Jim, dragging Braine after him, shocked all the banner out of the countess. She turned and rushed madly for the stairs, without having the least idea how she was



The Escape of Countess Olga.

to manage an escape from the upper stories. She had thought Braine free. As she flew up the steps all the past returned, all her warnings to that stubborn man. This was the end, Russia! The horrors of the cold and the deadly damps of the mines forever!

Jim, still holding the battered conspirator, watched her flight in amazement. He could not understand—till he pushed Braine into the library and the vanishing odor assailed his nostrils. What these fumes were he never knew, but they proved to be transitory. Five minutes sufficed to bring all back to their senses. For the while they forgot Olga.

"This man is mine," said Servan, nodding toward Braine.

"He's yours without charge," said Jim.

"I'm an American citizen," said Braine, who, realizing what the future held, readily preferred a long prison term in America to the horrors of Russian exile.

"Your certificate has been destroyed," said Servan, "and the state department considers your papers void because you obtained them under false oaths. You are an undesirable citizen; and the republic is happy to learn that you will be taken off its hands."

"And because," added Norton, "you have laid too many mines in the blackmailing business, and the government does not propose to have them made known to the public through a long and useless trial. It was a long run, old top; but right is right. And by the way, I want you to meet Mr. Jeddson, formerly of Scotland Yard."

He indicated Jones, who started.

"Yes," went on the reporter, "I recognized him long ago."

"It is true," said Hargreave, taking Jones' hand in his own. "Fifteen years ago I employed him to watch my affairs, and very well has he done so. And to you, you wretch," turning upon the haggard Braine, "listen; there is a million, and you have been within a foot of it a dozen times. It has been under your very nose. Do you remember Poe's 'Purloined Letter'?"

Under your very nose, within touch of your hand! Now, take him away, Mr. Servan. The police will be satisfied with the prisoners they have."

So, presently, Hargreave, Jones, Florence and Jim were alone. That smile which had revealed to Florence her father's identity stole over his face again. He put his hand on Jim's shoulder and beckoned to Florence.

"Are you really anxious to marry this young man?"

Florence nodded.

"Well, then, do so. And go to Europe with him on your honeymoon; and as a wedding present to you both, for every dollar that he has I will add a hundred; and when you get tired of travel you will both come back here to live. The Black Hundred has ceased to exist."

"And now," said Jones, shaking his shoulders.

"Well!" said Hargreave.

"My business is done. Still—" Jones paused.

"Go on," said Hargreave soberly.

"Well, the truth is, sir, I've grown used to you. And if you'll let me play the butler till the end I shall be most happy."

"I was going to suggest it."

Norton took Florence by the hand and drew her away.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked.

"I'm going to take this pretty head of yours and put it flat upon \$1,000,000. And if you don't believe it, follow me."

She followed.

THE END.

MORE TURK FORTS BATTERED DOWN

Three Additional Defenses of Dardanelles Silenced by Fleet's Guns.

BOMBARDING SHIPS DAMAGED

Ottoman Shells Strike Queen Elizabeth But Do Little Damage, Is Report—Battle Is Greatest in History.

London, March 9.—It was officially announced in London this evening that the Turkish battery at Mount Dardanus and the forts of Rumili Medjidieh Tabla and Hamidieh-I-Tabla in the Dardanelles have been silenced by shells from the allied fleet. The British battleship Queen Elizabeth, the announcement also said, was hit by shots from the Turkish forts and slightly damaged.

A dispatch from Amsterdam to Reuter's Telegram Company says the following official statement was given out today in Constantinople:

The Turkish Report.
"The British ships Majestic and Irresistible have reinforced the enemy fleet. The fire of our batteries but a French armored cruiser out of action and damaged a British armored cruiser."

"Owing to our bombardment the hostile ships retreated and ceased their fire. Our batteries suffered no damage."

The British and French fleets have battered their way a step nearer to Constantinople without damage to the ships engaged and battle royal for the Dardanelles continued.

More Turkish forts on the Asiatic side have been silenced, according to a statement by the British admiralty but the Turks are making a terrific resistance and the shells from their German-made guns have found more than one mark on the besieging craft.

Greatest Naval Battle.

From the number of ships engaged and the size and range of the guns, the battle of the Dardanelles is unlike anything in history, according to naval experts. At 21,000 yards, the huge battleship Queen Elizabeth of the British squadron, assisted by smaller ships, is still hurling shells across the Gallipoli peninsula into the Turkish strongholds on the Asiatic shore.

Slav Fleet Hit Coal Plants.

On behalf of the Russian naval general staff, the official press bureau tonight made the following announcement:

"Sunday our fleet bombarded Zunguldiak, Kozlon and Killimli (ports on the Black Sea), destroying all structures and plants for the shipment of coal. The bombardment was followed by a terrific explosion and fire. Four batteries were silenced and eight steamers destroyed. Our casualties were three men wounded."

Keep Pounding Away.

Paris, March 8.—The bombardment of the Dardanelles fortifications was continued Saturday by the allied fleet, according to an official statement issued tonight. The communication says:

"The British battleship Queen Elizabeth, posted in the Gulf of Saros, bombarded by indirect fire two big works on the Asiatic side alongside of Chanak and defending the straits (Forts Hamidieh and Hamidieh-Sultanieh). At the same time cruisers inside the Dardanelles continued a direct fire against the works at Dardanus, on the Asiatic side and Souain Dere on the European side."

Ready to Leave Turk Capital.

London, March 8.—"According to the latest advices received here," says a Reuter Telegram Company dispatch from Sofia, "the sultan and the government still are in Constantinople. The government is prepared to cross to Asia Minor at any moment but the sultan is in favor of remaining in the capital."

"It is understood it has been decided to trust the defense of Constantinople exclusively to the Germans under command of Gen. Liman von Sanders, the instructor of the Turkish army, while Bedri Bey, the prefect of police, will be invested with the general control of the city with powers equivalent to those of a viceroy."

Take German Trenches.

Paris, March 8.—The following official statement regarding the progress of the war was issued here today by the war office:

"We continued to gain ground to the north of Arras. In the region of Notre Dame de Lorette, where our counter attacks resulted in the seizure of several trenches, the enemy's losses were important."

In Champagne we progressed slightly north of Perthes and north-west of Beauséjour.

Goethals to Quit Panama.

Panama, March 8.—Maj. Gen. G. A. Goethals, governor of the Panama Canal Zone, in a speech tonight at the annual banquet of the Society of the Chagres, announced his probable retirement as governor within a year.

Congressman as Bryan's Aid.

Washington, March 8.—Harvey R. Ferguson of Albuquerque, N. M., who Thursday returned as a member of the House, today became private secretary to Secretary Bryan.

RESCUED 47 MINERS ALIVE

Men Were Taken from West Virginia Shaft After Being Entombed Four Days.

Hinton, W. Va., March 8.—Forty-seven miners were rescued alive Saturday from the workings of the Layland mines of the New River and Pocahontas Consolidated Coal Company, wrecked by an explosion on Tuesday. The men for four days and nights had been without food or drink.

Rescuers, headed by J. W. Paul of the bureau of mines; Earl Tenry, chief of the state department of mines, and H. M. Bertelot, general manager of the company, entered mine No. 3. Tearing down a brattice work to let in fresh air, they found five men who seized and kissed them.

Continuing the search, the rescuers encountered another brattice about 500 yards beyond. Here, in entry No. 10, they found forty-two men alive. The miners were in such weakened condition that the rescuers had to carry them through the damp and gas to the entrance.

Tonight fifty-three men, including those found Saturday, had been rescued alive, eighty-two bodies had been recovered and thirty or more were unaccounted for. All but eleven of the dead have been brought out.

SPANIARDS RIOT FOR FOOD

Economic Situation in Alfonso's Kingdom Is Becoming Acute—Provinces Suffer Most.

Madrid, March 9.—The economic situation in Spain is becoming steadily more serious, notwithstanding the efforts of the government to find a solution for the difficulties which confront the country. It is feared in some quarters that conditions soon may become so bad that they will lead to conflict fraught with grave consequences.

Disturbances from the provinces tell of numerous riots resulting from the high cost of food. In interior districts and in the Canary Islands the people get food only every other day. Many families are said to be living on herbs and roots.

Fierce rioting resulting at Laeole from the increased price of bread. The civil guards are reported to have fired into the crowd, killing one and wounding many.

SUES FOR \$57,600 POSTAGE

Government Charges That Sugar Literature Was Sent Through Mails Under Lodge's Frank.

Washington, March 6.—Suit to recover \$57,600 from Trueman G. Palmer, secretary of the United States Beet Sugar industry, was filed here yesterday by the government, which alleges that sum was the proper postage on 320,000 copies of "Sugar at a Glance" delivered in the mails under the frank of Senator Lodge.

The government's bill alleges that Palmer substituted his pamphlets for tables of figures which were used by Senator Lodge in a speech in the tariff debate and that the postal officials were deceived into believing they were proper matter to be carried free. The incident received extended attention during the lobby investigation.

HAVE SUNK SIX SUBMARINES

British Admiralty Claims Success in Their Fight Against the German Under Sea Blockade.

London, March 6.—Six German submarines have been lost since the beginning of the war, it was asserted at the admiralty yesterday, following announcement from the French ministry of marine that the German U-8 was sunk by French destroyers in the channel off Dover.

These include the U-15, sunk by the British cruiser Birmingham August 9; the U-18, rammed by a British patrol boat November 23; the U-3, sunk by the French, and three other submarines, whose identity has not been established. The admiralty, in compiling this estimate, gives full credence to the story of the captain of the collier Thoridia that it sank a German submarine February 23.

VANDERBILT CUP TO RESTA

Italian Driver in French Machine Wins the Big Race at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

San Francisco, March 8.—The Vanderbilt and Grand Prix cups are both going to Europe.

Darius Resta, an Italian, driving a Peugeot (French) car, who captured the Grand Prix race from the greatest drivers in America a week ago, repeated when he won the Vanderbilt cup race from one of the greatest fields ever entered in that classic. His time was 4:27:37 and his average speed for the 296-mile course was the 67 1/2 miles an hour.

Was a Wordy Congress.

Washington, March 6.—The thirty-third congress broke all records in the volume of proceedings in the Congressional Record. The average congress runs about 12,000 pages in the Record, while the congress which expired Thursday approximates 22,000.

End to Noted Chemist.

New York, March 6.—Dr. Charles J. James, a noted chemist, who has made many chemical discoveries to his credit, it is heard here. He was 84 years old March 1.

'The Million Dollar Mystery'

The twenty-first installment of which appears in The Times this week

Will be shown in Motion Pictures

at the

Star Theater

Every Tuesday afternoon and night